

one

MARCH, 1958

FIFTY CENTS

THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT



Those Nubian Ways

one incorporated

FOUNDED 1952

A non-profit corporation formed to publish a magazine dealing primarily with homosexuality from the scientific, historical and critical point of view . . . books, magazines, pamphlets . . . to sponsor educational programs, lectures and concerts for the aid and benefit of social variants, and to promote among the general public an interest, knowledge and understanding of the problems of variation . . . to sponsor research and promote the integration into society of such persons whose behavior and inclinations vary from current moral and social standards.



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ONE Magazine is published monthly at fifty cents per copy, plus postage for mailing; subscriptions in the United States, Canada & Mexico at five dollars per year (first-class, sealed); two years for nine dollars; airmail, one year for six-fifty dollars; subscriptions in other countries, six dollars per year; airmail rates on application.

Publication offices: 232 South Hill Street, Los Angeles 12, California
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" . . . a mystic bond
of brotherhood
makes all men one."

Carlyle

magazine

Volume VI

Number 3

March 1958

- 4 EDITORIAL
- 5 HOMOSEXUALITY: A Way of Life
- 12 READERS ON WRITERS
- 15 TANGENTS News & Views by Dal McIntire
- 19 FEMININE VIEWPOINT by Alison Hunter
- 20 THE BUDGET A Story by Emily Jones
- 22 THAT NUBIAN by Harry Otis
- 27 REST SHALL I NEVER A Poem by Del
- 29 LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

COVER: Dawn Frederic

EDITORIAL

The occasion of One's sixth Annual Midwinter Institute describes the new approach of twentieth-century homosexuals toward their age-old problem. All over the world today, homosexual men and women are gathering together to organize and discuss—to familiarize the general public and themselves alike with this subject of which a few years ago people knew practically nothing or else viewed with shame or disgust. As a result, opinions concerning homosexuality are changing with lightning speed. Questions that used to be sedulously hidden in dark corners are now brought out into the light of day for healthy discussion. Everywhere the old edifices of taboo are cracking and tumbling down.

And although the old anti-homosexual policy scored many a victory because of a lack of critical, scientific, and well-organized opposition, the new general movement toward sexual reform is breaking down old and outworn conventions and groups of liberally minded people have joined together to form societies for the study of sexual problems. Due homage must be paid to early organizations and individuals who pioneered, and who did not hesitate to devote their full time nor all their means to the task. The World League for Sexual Reform upon a Scientific Basis, founded in Berlin by Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld was one such organization. By 1932 the World League had conducted 5 international congresses which were attended by experts and laymen from all parts of the globe.

Meetings today are conducted by Der Kreis of Switzerland, and the ICSE of Belgium to mention only two in Europe. The ICSE which holds its world congress every two years, is meeting in 1958 at the International Exposition in Brussels, May 23 to 27. The subject of inquiry will be "Science and Homosexuality Today." In this country, the Mattachine Society and One Inc. convene annually although at different times of the year. Their organized actions are constantly bringing about increased liberalization.

It is encouraging to watch these healthy discussions taking place everywhere by homosexual groups who are determined to free themselves from the hideous bondage of conventional sexual morality. The whole history of reform, and sexual reform in particular is illustrated by just such efforts.

Don Slater
Managing Editor

Homosexuality: A Way of Life

HARD-HITTING ATTORNEY SPEAKS

The dramatic highlight of ONE's 1958 Midwinter Institute was the forceful, hard-hitting banquet speech by Eric Julber, Los Angeles attorney, recounting his successful prosecution, up to the United States Supreme Court, of ONE's suit against Los Angeles Postmaster, Otto K. Oleson.

Mr. Julber told of being introduced in August, 1953, to the legal problems of printing a homosexual magazine and stated that there was at that time little or no legal precedent governing the depiction of homosexuality in literature, save an adverse opinion in the '20s rendered by a lower court concerning *The Well of Loneliness*. As a result of this situation it seemed necessary to lay down general rules governing material deemed suitable for ONE Magazine, based on recognition of the intense prejudices held by many about homosexuality.

As the magazines went through the postoffice it seemed likely that mailings were being delayed from delivery by the postal officials to enable them to submit copies to Washington for determination of their possible obscenity. The August, 1953 issue was held in this manner but later released. Not until October, 1954, was an issue declared non-mailable, on the grounds that a story of a lesbian love-situation, a rather racy poem, "Lord Samuel and Lord Montague," and an advertisement for DER KREIS, Swiss homophile magazine, rendered the issue obscene.

Mr. Julber described how the ultimate determination of obscenity seemed to rest with a single postal employee in Washington, and was unable in conference with this individual to get farther than the bare statement that the material was obscene.

The members of ONE, Incorporated were then faced with making the difficult decision regarding the next step. Should they let the matter drop, or should they undertake an attack against this ruling? There would be much time and considerable cost involved. If the case were won, all would be well, but if lost, matters would be worse than before, with still another unfavorable ruling on the books.

Also, at least one lawyer expressed much pessimism, saying that while the Magazine might well not be actually obscene that he felt public prejudice was so strong that no judge would have the courage to go against this prejudice, no matter what might be his own opinion of the merits of the case.

Our attorney, Mr. Julber, however, felt that at the highest levels—i.e., the U. S. Supreme Court—a rational view of the matter would prevail, and 20th Century standards of free discussion of human problems would be upheld.

Therefore, it was decided by the Corporation to bring a court action against Postmaster Otto K. Oleson, enjoining him from interfering with the mailing of the October, 1954, issue. In March, 1956, a decision was rendered in the U. S. District Court by Judge Thurmond Clarke declaring

the issue "non-mailable matter" as containing material "obviously calculated to stimulate the lust of the homosexual reader," and "filthy and obscene."

This fantastic verdict was immediately taken to the U. S. Court of Appeals, Ninth Circuit, where, March 1, 1957, Judge Barnes, Hamley and Ross affirmed the previous judgment in voluble terms. Nowhere in this ruling nor the previous one, nor in the briefs filed by the Government's attorneys was an attempt made to define obscenity, or in what specific ways ONE Magazine was obscene, Mr. Julber pointed out.

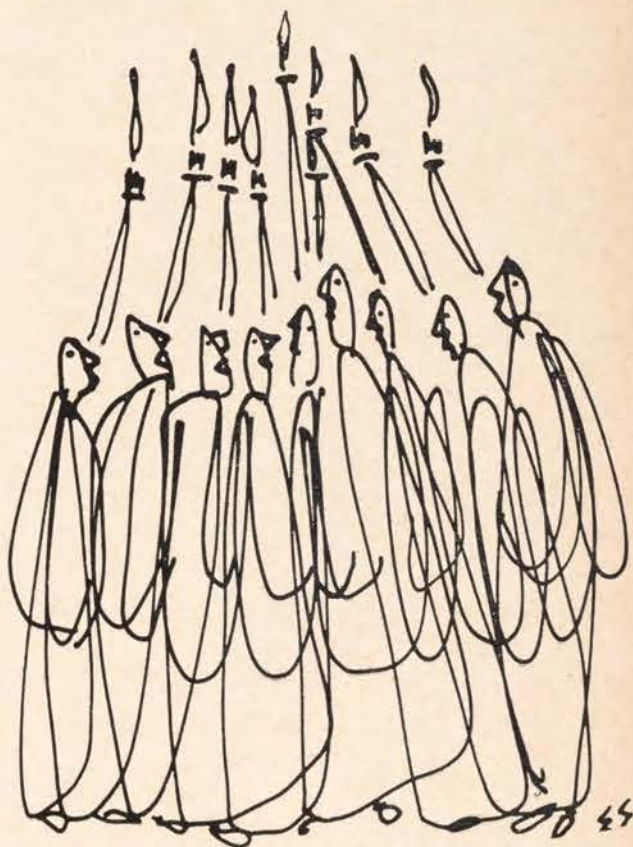
At this point, two years had passed in litigation, and the next step was to appeal to the highest court in the land, the United States Supreme Court. Mr. Julber advised such an appeal, prepared a written petition to the highest Court setting forth the issues, and personally traveled to Washington, D.C., to file briefs with the Court.

Months passed, during which time the suspense grew week by week. Would the Court even hear our case? Our attorney pointed out that the Court only hears one out of a hundred cases which are filed for review—it hears only those cases it considers of sufficient importance or moment to warrant its valuable time. Yet he was sure our case was of such importance.

Finally, on January 13, 1958, the electrifying news came. By unanimous decision, the United States Supreme Court reversed all of the lower court holdings, holding that the October 1954 issue of ONE magazine was not in fact obscene, but was an exercise of American free speech.

Thus, for the first time in American publishing history, a decision *binding on every court and every public agency in the country* now stands: a decision affirming in effect that it is in no way improper to describe a love affair be-

tween two homosexuals, that humorous and satirical light-hearted handling of homosexuality by no means constitutes obscenity, that writing about the subject is to be governed only by such rules of propriety and good taste as would be used with other topics. That this decision was rendered UNANIMOUSLY and without oral arguments only adds to its great forcefulness and powerful vindication of ONE's publishing policies.



The great gratitude and appreciation ONE feels for its brilliant young attorney's skillful handling of this controversial and delicate case, (handled, it should be stated, without fee) can well be imagined, and was indicated by the long, enthusiastic applause given him at the Midwinter Banquet. That it has made legal history as well is attested by the congratulations which have poured in on him from other attorneys and for the further accolade of requests from many law schools asking for copies of his Supreme Court brief.

HOMOSEXUAL vs. HETEROSEXUAL LIVING

This very controversial topic was the theme of the sessions held in Los Angeles, January 31-February 2. Visitors from many cities as far away as in Ontario, Canada, heard reports read at the Sixth Annual Meeting telling of the healthy growth and progress of the Corporation during 1957.

The next morning in vigorous debate a psychologist, father of two children, and an attorney, who is a grandfather, were pitted against Lyn Pederesen, Associate Editor, ONE Magazine, and a very charming young woman, a graduate student now studying at ONE INSTITUTE, arguing that, "Heterosexual Living is Better Than Homosexual." The affirmative team poured on the usual arguments, effectively using all of the weapons available to the majority view of society, including scorn, although the attorney tempered his views somewhat. The negative team pointed out the danger to a society of enforcing, or even asking for conformity, claiming that only through non-conformists does progress come. They also cited the mass waves of excessive births now engulfing many parts of the world. Most telling of their arguments was the challenge to heterosexual society to justify itself in the face of mounting rates of divorce, juvenile delinquency and crime. They concluded by citing the great contributions made by homosexuals to every race and every culture.

A lively question and answer period evoked much laughter and the verdict that it was good and healthy that such a debate could have been conducted with such a fine spirit of energetic good humor, bespeaking a high degree of social maturity from the teams and the audience alike.

THE SPARTAN WAY

The six afternoon roundtables are briefly reported on following pages, and the speech by ONE's attorney at the Symposium-Banquet in the preceding article. Also featured at the Symposium was a beautifully effective reading by Miss Rachel Rosenthal, actress and dramatic coach, of selections from *The Corn King and the Spring Queen*, a novel by Naomi Mitchison. These selections were titled "The Patterns of Sparta" and tell of events leading up to the great climax of the novel—"the Phiditia," or Love Feast, a scene of great beauty in which King Kleomenes of Sparta and Panteus, his lover, retell their twelve companions how they first met and fell in love, as they sit breaking bread and drinking wine together for what proved to be the last time, for the next day they all, and the King they so much loved, died together in an unsuccessful battle for freedom and for Sparta . . .

"Of these thirteen, there were several couples whose friendship was very deep-rooted . . . These lovers turned to each other for strength and reassurance . . . They looked in one another's eyes and touched one another tenderly. While the body yet lived, it served to show their love."

Then Panteus begins telling how it was that he and the King first came to love each other. It was while they were both out on a campaign and at soldier's mess. After eating they had songs and Panteus had sung for them all and the King could not sleep that night but read poetry and tried to write a poem. While doing so Panteus came in with a message from one of the outposts and the King confessed that he had been trying to write a

poem for Panteus and, addressing him said now, "You came in and knelt beside me quickly on one knee and your right hand dropped and touched my foot; I felt it grip around my ankle. But your face was hidden, your head was against my thigh. I took your helmet off . . . and began to feel your head with my hands, tangling my fingers in your hair . . . I undid the straps of your breastplate . . . I pushed you away from me to arm's length, so that I could look at you . . . We must have seen one another often before, naked, but we had never looked so close. You took your tunic right off and laid it by the sword. I saw no blemish on you Panteus."

He compared his lover to a statue by Polykleitos and they both described that admiration and delight for male beauty so characteristically Hellenic. They looked and looked unashamed in "looking and being glad," and then kissed. Then the King asked, "What now? For we are neither of us boys, but grown men." And Panteus laughed saying "very gently: 'Now we will go to sleep, Kleomenes, and speak of these things again in the morning.' So we lay down and I spread my cloak over the both of us. We were close enough for each to lay his head on the other's arm. And it was a most sweet sleep we had."

At the conclusion of Miss Rosenthal's delicately tasteful reading a bouquet of yellow roses was presented her in homage to "The Patterns of Sparta."

The Sunday afternoon session was held in the large hillside home of two members of the Corporation, a delightful tea preceded by an hour and a half of unusually well-channelled discussion on religion and the homosexual. There was sharp differentiation made between religion and the Church. There was also a clear line drawn between those who found it not only

possible and comfortable, but desirable, to find affiliation with one of the orthodox churches and those who felt that an individually-developed philosophy of living was sufficient.

An anthropologist present cited the part played by homosexuality in various preliterate religious practices. A man who lived much in the Near East told of the generally permissive religious attitudes among Arabian Mohammedans. A very poised young woman, theological student in a seminary, stated that although she by no means expected her own particular approach to Christianity to meet with universal, or even general approval that she saw no reason why non-believers in Christianity should be so compulsively disturbed, as they often are with the church. The chairman for the day pointed out that some of the homosexual's widespread rejection of religion may come about as a form of retaliation for what he conceives to be his own rejection by society because of his homosexuality, therefore, more an emotional than a reasoned conclusion.

It was generally felt by those attending the many busy 1958 Midwinter meetings that this was indeed "the best of them all." Comment in particular was made that at last the homosexual was not just sitting around listening to a lot of people, capable or otherwise, tell him things, but that instead he was doing his own thinking, announcing his own conclusions, passing his own judgments on homosexual and heterosexual alike. It was said that this new approach marked a coming-of-age most significant and quite outside the realm of things thought possible only a very few years earlier.

The consensus was that if homosexuality IS "A Way of Life," for many or for a few it is alone by such methods as these that the right paths will be discovered; that the homo-

sexual must stop looking to others to tell him what to think and do; above all, that he must stop allowing others to tell him what to think or do. It was on this keynote that the sessions closed.

SIX ROUNDTABLES

In two successive sets of roundtable discussions, six aspects of homosexuality as a way of life were explored, discussed, disputed. The chairman of each followed a discussion outline which kept participants from wandering too far afield. As a result, nearly everyone felt that the sessions were both provocative and satisfying. Brief resumes follow.

I. Is Homosexuality a Social Necessity?

This discussion, with about fifteen participants, began on the question of whether there is an actual social need for non-conformists, and on this point, most of the group were agreed. A dynamic, progressive society depends on those social groups, such as homosexuals, who are forever challenging the old ways, seeking a new outlook, and resisting the deadening hand of authoritarianism.

It was suggested that homosexuality was a brake on overpopulation, and although most of the group admitted that overpopulation was a critical problem in the world today, few thought that homosexuality had much effect as an antidote.

The question was posed whether the heterosexual alone was enough for a balanced and progressive society. The group generally agreed that this had to be answered with a no, but the reasons varied. Many felt this was just another way of phrasing the first question, of whether non-conformists are

needed by society, while several felt that without the homosexual, society would never have progressed very far beyond the barnyard level. They maintained that at least the original impulse for most social innovations, for the creation of the arts and sciences came from those individuals who had to find their fulfilment outside the purely procreative and homebuilding pursuit.

Finally, there was the question of whether homosexuals are especially qualified for certain types of jobs. This brought more disagreement, though the group seemed unanimous in its feeling that this was true of at least a few jobs. Most did feel that at least an unusually large percentage of homosexuals possessed special artistic talents. A few, more sanguine, felt that homosexuals were actually better fitted for almost any job in modern society with the single exception of baby making. It was pointed out that jobs around X-rays or nuclear labs, which might endanger one's genetic structure, ought to be limited to those who aren't likely to have children. Someone else suggested, only half in jest, that family men be barred from jobs that entail lengthy travels. The idea also was brought up that the man with a family was hampered in the sorts of professions that called for an individual giving himself fully. It was also felt that homosexuals generally made good teachers, counsellors, etc.

Lyn Pedersen

II. Do Homosexuals Have Community Responsibilities?

Much of the discussion centered around whether it was preferable for homosexuals to participate in community affairs as a measure of promoting good public relations, or to devote themselves primarily to working with homophile organizations. It was agreed that while every citizen has cer-

tain social obligations that a program such as ONE's, whereby the homophile undertakes to educate and better himself, deserves our principal efforts. It was pointed out that in few cases was the homophile welcome *as a homosexual* in community affairs, while the amount of work to be done and the needs within homophile groups called for large amounts of volunteer work.

Considerable discussion centered around the point that the homophile must do an especially good job with himself and his own organizations, public criticism and prejudice being what it is. A suggestion was made that the homophile, like other minorities, should deliberately marshal his economic resources so as to be independent as far as possible of outside pressures and so be in a position to command respect with greater authority than otherwise.

Should the homophile obey sex laws believed to be unconstitutional and an illegal infringement of private liberties? This "hot potato" came into the discussion. It was pointed out that America always has been a land of dissent from outmoded laws and customs; that it has been by rebellion and dissent that unjust laws have been overturned and social wrongs righted. Reference was made to the extensive study of the civil rights of homosexuals and of the whole question of the constitutionality of sex laws under way at ONE INSTITUTE.

William Lambert

III. Promiscuity: Wrong or Right?

The chairman pointed out that one definition of promiscuity (Webster) is: indiscriminate; irregular, casual standards. It was observed that Jesus made no statements directly on sex. His teaching of love implied that promiscuity is wrong, but we have a multitude of interpretations of his actual

statements. Some religions include promiscuity as a part of their rituals: as the Vestal Virgins, Priestesses of the Temple of Baal, ritual orgies in certain African tribes, etc. These were conceived as bestowing spiritual inspiration through physical contact.

The question, Is promiscuity a psychological or biological necessity? had varied answers. Some felt that it is possible to live without sex entirely, others, that for the single homosexual promiscuity was the only outlet. A psychologist termed this "mere quibbling," saying that promiscuity is simply the opposite of monogamy and added that man is not naturally monogamous, becoming so only by superimposed standards.

The social and legal dangers of promiscuity were cited as obvious. Increases in venereal diseases contracted in male partnerships were said to have increased 6% in 1957 over 1956.

It was also said that certain homosexual marriages could not be continued unless outside conquests were permitted; that the home was a financial and security necessity, quite apart from its biological aspects. But it was conceded that promiscuity made a continuing partnership difficult. It was said that only animalistic satisfaction, not love, exist under constant promiscuity and that the person living by such standards has an unstable and unfulfilled life. Someone compared this to the idea of playing a new piece on the piano every day without ever learning to play any of them well.

Helen Sanders

IV. Should Homosexuals Get Married?

Very lively argument surrounded the question, would heterosexual marriage aid adjustment? It was the majority opinion that the adjustment of a homosexual to such a marriage

would be difficult, if not impossible. Several who had been married previously described their own experiences as having furnished them certain standards whereby to judge their later homosexual relationships and a feeling of assurance that they "weren't missing something." It was pointed out that considerable personal variations as to the homosexual and heterosexual components of different individuals markedly influence the whole question of adjustment to such marriages.

On fairness to the other partner, it was generally felt that it would be unfair not to fully inform the other partner before marriage as to one's homoerotic tendencies. Not to do so would merely add another layer of deception to the life of one already leading a double life.

The question of bisexual living was deemed impractical in our present culture, although it might be thought ideal. No one was able to cite a single example among their acquaintances of a happy, adjusted person who had been capable of being faithful to both camps at the same time.



As to fairness to the children produced by such a marriage, it was argued that since the child is a product of both his own family conditions and current social patterns it would appear likely that such children would

end by having more problems than would normally be their lot. Cases were cited by those who were parents and others in the roundtable who had observed children in such homes.

Sten Russell

V. The Lesbian Partnership

For a report on this roundtable see The Feminine Viewpoint.

VI. The Older Homosexual

A large group of persons of every age group from the early twenties to? took part in this roundtable. The chairman described gerontology, the study of aging, as the newest of the "life sciences." Considerable time was given to discussion of biological changes that take place with increased years, "changes of life" in men, etc.

It was felt that it was perfectly possible for the single person to make the adjustment of advancing years by a properly developed social life. However, the majority felt that a homosexual partnership was the best, most practical and most satisfying arrangement; that in youth one should learn to overlook differences, quarrels, even boredom for the sake of larger values and the increase of affection and understanding which comes with the years to those even moderately well-suited to each other.

One older man said from experience that if affection is present the partner seems not to age, but is rather remembered as he was in earlier years, and described the rich accumulation of shared experiences and little things which go to make up a satisfying, happy life.

In a round-the-table poll nearly every person there expressed himself as being less worried about the future and old age than before the discussion and felt that he had definite, practical ways of approaching this problem.

F. F.



READERS on Writers

From time to time some article, story or poem brings in a flood of approval or opposition from readers such as our LETTERS columns cannot contain. When this occurs we thought it might be interesting to group them together as a feature, READERS ON WRITERS. Such has been the case with Geraldine Jackson's long letter to the editor, printed in our January issue. A cross-section of the replies follows. Incidentally, Miss Jackson is a very real person, attending the current Midwinter Institute again, as she has for many years past.

Miss G. of Chicago writes: If the letter from Geraldine Jackson was really real, here's my pen. I neither write well and spell worse—but I'm so damn mad at her I don't care, I'm writing anyway. She doesn't like your poetry—childish—ha!—to write with deep feeling one must feel deep. I liked your story 'Come Back John.' I felt it deeply and I understand it well. She says this is not love—it's a childish need. I wish she would write an article and tell us what she calls love.

As for success stories—that may be nice, but a drowning man doesn't want a last meal. He wants a life preserver. Your paper is necessary for many people. She can stand and look down her nose at her brothers and sisters and deny them. I'll tell her a thing or two about wandering around in a terrifying fog. I'll tell her about kids who hang in bars . . . They're crazy mixed-up kids. They fly from one love to another and each broken heart is a real real broken heart. Yes, I know. I should. I was one of the mixed-up kids. Your magazine should be a light in the fog to them. They are the ones who need you and not Miss Snob.

Mr. R. of Miami writes: Brava, bravissima for Miss Geraldine Jackson for expressing so lucidly and succinctly what I have so long wanted to say. I have been reading ONE Magazine for more than five years now and not a few of the issues have caused me the most acute embarrassment. You have chosen a field of granite to plow in, and all of us owe you an eternally unpayable debt of gratitude for the way you have stuck to your guns against all odds. But all too often, as Miss Jackson remarks, you seem to be asking only that the most disreputable and inconsequential members of homosexual society be granted all the license they want to conduct themselves in a fashion which is thoroughly obnoxious to me and, I am sure, to others.

I have lived for some years in this city and from articles in ONE a reader would get the impression that we are being driven from pillar to post, scourged in the streets and unable to walk abroad in safety. It just isn't so.

The element which has difficulties with the law invites them. There's a lot of talk about the freedom homosexuals have in certain European countries, but I can assure you that breaches of public decorum get even shorter shrift in them than they frequently do in America. None of us have an easy time of it, but some of us have enough guts to realize there are compensations for those who have a few standards above the gutter and adhere to them. And, again to echo Miss J., if they are the persons you are interested in, count me out.

Most of your writers do whine and what we need is a resolute 'yawp' and a scoffing at defeat. I do care about ONE and I am sure that you can, if you will, make it the magazine it should be.

Wilfran Nichols, Boston, (author, "The Older Homosexual") writes: Controversial or not, I found her over-long criticism just a bit of a tedious exercise from someone rather soured at the world. No magazine, big or little, can ever hope to satisfy every reader. ONE is no exception.

An excerpt from my article is quoted without consideration of the whole individual or article. Each individual was chosen to present not only different characteristics but also a higher or lower economic level. If she will reconsider 'Sparky,' she might discover he is the 'auntie' type, the happy host whose personality has gathered and held friends throughout years—not only homosexual acquaintances but heterosexual friends. I cannot see that my presentation is anything but a positive picture of a well-adjusted homosexual.

Some of her criticism is valid: the esoteric verse, some of the stories and articles, and the peevish undercurrent of 'tangents.' However, my feeling is that much of her unhappiness lies within her own mis-adjustment to her own homosexuality.

Mr. M., of Brooklyn, writes: 'Intended as a fighting reply to Geraldine (Stonewall) Jackson: OUR TEN COMMANDMENTS—We, the members of ONE, pledge we will:

Hearten
Organize
Moderate
Orient
Plan
Help
Inspire
Love
Educate
Succeed—In the name of Liberty for all Mankind.

Miss S., of Wichita, writes: Cheers for Geraldine Jackson! When a magazine enters its sixth year, it should leave infancy behind unless it, like Peter Pan, never intends to grow up. Let's dry those tears of self-pity and laugh a little. Humor and satire are stronger weapons. May ONE graduate out of the arty, sob-sheet class this year and thereby increase its value a thousandfold. We want the POSITIVE APPROACH!

Mr. H. of Los Angeles writes: Lightbringer to variances of the Human Spirit! Champion of audacity toward never freedoms!—We, who may not

attend this, your 1958 Institute, salute you! The re-convocation of the Minority—evaluative Roundtable—even if only for a day—to be guided by the wealth of exploratory researches and examinations developed by the past year's INSTITUTE study marks a turning point in the maturing processes of ONE, Incorporated. Of such is the beginning of the answer to such well-intentioned but tower-oriented chuzzlewits as Geraldine Jackson.

Edward Denison (author of "A Winter Morning") writes: It is true of Miss Jackson's criticisms that many gay people, especially younger people, are looking for 'uplift' in literature written on the subject and ONE should try to provide some of this. If you wanted to publish true confessions or success stories you should be able to find plenty of material; but how much of it would be good literature? I agree with her that 'The Echo of a Voice' is not a strong story; but it has an echo of pathos and a few interesting touches. Disagreeing with her, I'll state that homosexuals are a bit different and this difference should be reflected, if truth and not propaganda is the aim of ONE.

Surely most of the readers do not identify themselves with the victims of the law, but the question is, does ONE stand for sexual freedom (within certain limits of course) or does it not? This is the crux of the matter after all. In 'tangents' the lack of freedom and the consequences for certain individuals are most clearly shown. These things did not happen in the past, and they are not fictions of would-be authors. They are facts reported by the press. Wasn't it such reportage in England that bestirred the English to reconsider their laws regarding homosexual acts? No, it won't hurt the cause to publish these facts in ONE. You cannot emphasize the facts of life and law too strongly.

I agree with her that limp-wrist expressions should be avoided. Child-likeness, however, is one of the distinctive and beautiful traits of the homosexual. So don't go all out for the 'butch' and the 'mature.' If you can find it, publish bits of the delicate and the playful.

ARE YOU A FRIEND OF ONE?

Friends of ONE (non-voting Members of the Corporation) are those whose aid and contributions for ONE's work entitle them to receive ONE Confidential and attend the Annual Business Meetings. For the coming year:

Annual Members (\$15) receive ONE Magazine for a year, plus four quarterly issues, of ONE Confidential.

Contributing Members (\$30) receive the same, plus the Annual Corporation Report.

Associate Members (\$50, or \$5 per month) receive all of the above, plus an Annual Supplement containing interesting material not available elsewhere.

ENROLL NOW AS A FRIEND OF ONE — DO NOT MISS ONE CONFIDENTIAL

tangents

news & views

by dal mcintire

January 14th started as a routine, hectic day at ONE's office. The phone rang. Something in Bill Lambert's face, as he listened to the news, gave a hint. "The Supreme Court's been moving?" I asked. It was true. We had won! In a moment, the whole atmosphere surrounding our work had changed.

When Eric Julber, our lawyer, had come into his office that morning, he was greeted with a deluge of congratulations, even before he knew what they were for. Two radio programs the night before had mentioned the Supreme Court ruling in our favor. Then he called us . . .

Out to the newsstands to get details. No mention in L. A. dailies. Ditto for N. Y. Herald Tribune. Ditto for Frisco papers. Could the whole report have been a false alarm? Some papers did mention a ruling clearing two nudist magazines. Maybe someone had gotten their information crossed? No. We found it. Well down, in an inside story in the NEW YORK TIMES (airmail edition) of Jan. 14th. Finding something in the TIMES can be a formidable task, and we'd almost given up, but there it was, toward the bottom of a full-column article describing the rulings in favor of **Sunshine and Health** and **SUN**:

" . . . This view was supported by the fact that in another brief order, the court today reversed a post office

ban on a magazine, one, which deals with homosexuality. The court again cited only the Roth case.

"One Question Raised"—The petition for review filed by the lawyer for one, Eric Julber of Los Angeles, had apparently raised only one question: was the magazine 'obscene' within the statute banning importation of obscene matter? The court's order appeared to answer: No . . . That was the interpretation that Government lawyers generally put on the brief, unsigned orders issued today. The decision, so interpreted, means that the Supreme Court is insisting on a rigorous, narrow definition of 'obscenity.' It means, as one lawyer put it, that 'the Court is going to keep a real weather eye out itself to prevent censorship of anything but what might be called hard-core pornography.' Last June, in the case of Roth vs. United States, the Supreme Court held that obscenity was not entitled to the constitutional protection of free speech and press. But it laid down the strict standard that, to be obscene, a work as a whole must be found to appeal to the average man's 'prurient interest.' " Another mention was made of the ruling on a separate page in the TIMES.

ONE NEWS SERVICE got out a release that day. Several editors asked for more information about ONE. What other papers printed

the news, we don't know, but congratulations from readers began to flow in, particularly from Pennsylvania, and even from the Virgin Islands, so the news must have leaked out. Some papers reported the ruling without mentioning ONE's name, and even the N. Y. TIMES put us in lower case.

The first clipping to come in the mails was from **The CATHOLIC STANDARD, Washington's Archdiocesan Newspaper**: "The U. S. Supreme Court reversed decisions of two circuit courts which had barred three magazines from the mails on grounds of obscenity. In the first case, a Los Angeles magazine titled **One**, which carries with it the designation, 'The Homosexual Magazine,' had been denied use of the mails by a San Francisco court on the grounds that it contained obscene material. The Supreme Court overruled the decision, thus intimating that the magazine was not obscene according to the definition of the term established in the Roth case last June . . . The appeal before the Supreme Court charged that the mail ban imposed by the circuit court constituted violation of freedom of the press . . ."

"HOMOSEXUAL MAG NOT OBSCENE" said the Los Angeles DAILY JOURNAL, a legal paper in a front page bit on January 20th. Two longer, earlier front page stories in the METROPOLITAN NEWS, another L. A. legal paper, almost got past us:

"HOMOSEXUAL MAGAZINE IS NOT OBSCENE, SUPREME COURT HOLDS, High Tribunal Enters Per Curiam Ruling On Local Publication, Citing Roth Case. One, The Homosexual Magazine, won its battle to have issues transmitted through the mails in a decision of the U. S. Su-

preme Court, it was learned yesterday. The magazine, published in Los Angeles, deals with social, economic and personal problems of homosexuals, but there is no advocacy of homosexuality in the magazine, its attorney, Eric Julber, argued in his petition. Circulation is 10,000 in the U. S. and around the world. The high court, without hearing oral arguments, based its ruling on the petition for certiorari and reversed a decision of the Court of Appeals for the Ninth Circuit (241 F. 2d 772) which held the magazine was obscene, lewd and lascivious. The brief per curiam opinion cited an earlier decision in the **Roth** case (354 U. S. 476) which held that open discussion of sexual behavior and problems is part of permissible free speech, and is not necessarily obscene. Los Angeles Postmaster Otto K. Oleson had refused to transmit the October 1954 issue of the magazine, and it sued for an injunction. U. S. Dist. Judge Thurmond Clarke held the magazine was obscene and refused the injunction. He was upheld by the Ninth Circuit."

The next day, under the heading, **Supreme Court Review**, Lawrence William Steinberg, member of the Beverly Hills Bar, wrote in the same paper: "In two brief but significant opinions this week the United States Supreme Court limited the power of the post master to bar from the mails materials dealing with sexual subjects.

"In one of these matters, **One, Inc. v. Oleson**, petitioner had sought an injunction against the postmaster's ban on its magazine, which dealt largely with the subject matter of homosexuality. Such injunction was denied in the United States district court, and in the Court of Appeals for the Ninth Circuit. Certiorari was sought by Eric Julber of

Los Angeles, who handled the case for petitioner.

"The high court has now simultaneously granted the petition for writ of certiorari and reversed the judgment of the lower court. This was done in a unanimous per curiam opinion, citing the case of **Roth v. United States**, decided last year. The **Roth** case, also arising in Southern California, involved constitutionality of an ordinance prohibiting mailing of obscene material. The court upheld the ordinance and the conviction thereunder.

"However, its opinion pointed out that '... sex and obscenity are not synonymous.' It went on to say that 'Sex, a great and mysterious native force in human life, has indisputably been a subject of absorbing interest to mankind.' The **Roth** opinion, though sustaining the conviction, stressed the necessity to safeguard vigilantly the freedom of speech and press for material concerning sex which does not treat sex in a manner appealing to prurient interest."

JUSTICE WEEKLY, printed in Toronto, editorialized in the Feb. 1 issue, "It comes as no surprise to 'Justice Weekly' that in a unanimous decision the Supreme Court of the United States has reversed a Post Office ban—across the line—on the mailing of 'One,' the Homosexual Magazine . . . The various members of the Supreme Court may have joined in the unanimous action for different reasons, but it is clear that 'One' Magazine did not appear obscene to the Court. 'One' has been in existence for six years and has been 'freely clipped' of interesting articles, stories, etc., with due recognition being given of course . . . It is an interesting publication, well written, well edited and well-presented. While 'Justice Weekly'

does not agree with all its articles, nevertheless many of these have helped foster a more tolerant feeling toward homosexuality and homosexuals." On an opposing page, JUSTICE WEEKLY ran a story about 152 magazines (27 more than last year) banned by the QUEBEC BOARD OF CENSORS. ONE was not on the list, though many issues of ONE have been refused entry into Canada by Quebec and a few other provinces . . .



A COCKTAIL FOR GERALDINE . . .

Miss Jackson says this column is bad propaganda for homosexuals since it mentions that they go to bars (I've been to several with her) and that their life isn't always rosy. She wants soporifics. She "cries 'Peace, peace,' when there is no peace." As for this column, if it describes nasty conditions, it is not because the author likes nastiness; if it tells sympathetically about homosexuals in trouble, it is not **always** because he doesn't think they asked for it. We deal with bad conditions in hopes of changing them. **Both** homosexuals and the general public share responsibility for that change . . .

Here is British Magistrate Frank Powell complaining in a London paper that changing attitudes toward homosexuals are causing increase in crime. "The vices of Sodom and Gomorrah are upon us," he repeats Lord Samuel's familiar bleat, adding in defense of the law that

is now likely to remain for a few more years, "The law only punishes those homosexuals who do not keep their urges under control and commit homosexual crimes" (which means any homosexual acts) . . .

And here is James E. French III, described by the San Francisco CHRONICLE as Marin (county)'s best known delinquent, charging that homosexual "affairs" were common at ATASCADERO STATE HOSPITAL. He said when he told his therapist about an affair with a "homosexual queen" the therapist said that was just part of growing up. Dr. Reginald S. Rood, superintendent and medical director of the hospital said French was warned and transferred several times to break up relationships. Dr. Rood said every effort is made to prevent homosexual activity at the hospital . . . And here is a Jackson, Miss., Negro teacher who attempted suicide after his arrest on a charge of "molesting" a white boy and carrying indecent literature . . .

And here's one from New York: Christmas shoppers scurried to safety as police shot a young six-foot fugitive, an unidentified member of gun-forgery-and-shakedown gang that "made a specialty of robbing bachelors, usually after striking up acquaintanceships in taverns."

And here from Pasadena: two school teachers found shot to death in vine-covered cottage in what police there termed a murder and suicide. Reason unknown. The two young teachers, one of whom had suggested suicide in letter to his mother, were sprawled on floor, the gun between them and cocktails on table nearby.

No, Miss Jackson, the "gay life" isn't all sweetness-and-light. The

picture isn't always pretty, but if we want to clean it up, we can't look the other way . . .

STATIC . . .

Art center Laguna Beach: new census showed 8,500 inhabitants, 44% male, 55% female AND 1% who declined to say . . .

Speaking to American Group Psychotherapy Association in N. Y. C., Dr. Cornelius Beaukenkamp recently warned that childish sex taboos have turned America into nation of neurotics and break up many marriages and happy friendships. Society, he said, must stop trying to amputate sex drives by calling them dirty. "Human beings are entitled to the right to follow their urges."

Dr. Gregory Pincus made news in 1936 by fertilizing an ovum from a rabbit outside the mother's body with a salt solution. In 1940 he produced a virgin-born rabbit by chilling the mother's fallopian tubes for 20 minutes (suggesting the possibility of a world of self-fertilizing females). Now he reports a contraceptive pill almost 100% effective with women. (Interesting possible side-effect: women sterile for years might take the pill awhile then possibly become pregnant when suddenly giving it up).

According to Duvalls' newspaper psych column, people like to see men in mother roles and such. "It is the comparison with the normal, or the unexpected, that makes the story interesting."

In curious letter slipped to Congressman Lipscomb (R., Cal.) while he was in Russia was a hint that British skip-diplomats Burgess & MacLean, reputedly homosexual, have met death in Russia by "accident."

THE FEMININE VIEWPOINT

by and about women

By Alison Hunter

"When I read descriptions of butch and femme I felt confused, because I knew I didn't fit those categories."

"The minute I walk into a bar, I get this 'Now-I-wonder-which-she-is' stare from the girls."

"Can't lesbians just be women? Do they have to be aggressive or passive?"

These and other pertinent questions brought into the discussion of lesbian partnerships at ONE's Midwinter Institute this year, stimulated the interest and attention of some 15 earnest young women faced with such issues in their everyday living. That the answers were not conclusive is hardly surprising; but it is important that the women were able to meet and discuss and strive for the answers to this important topic.

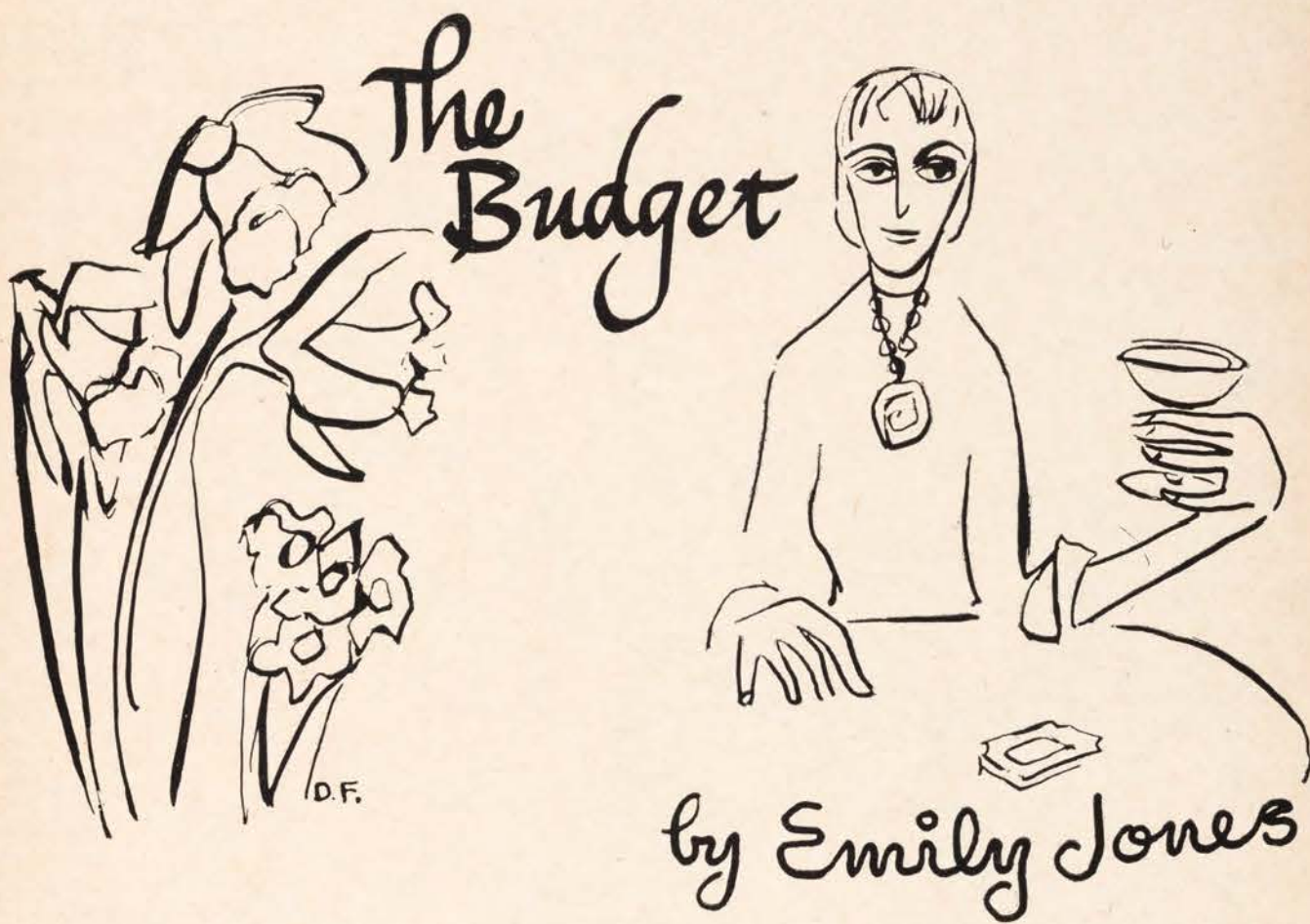
A butch is considered to be the aggressive, more masculine type of lesbian, the femme a more passive homosexual woman. In the butch-femme custom which exists in many strata of lesbian society, a partnership is usually considered to be formed of one of each type. This includes, however, many variations of the butch and femme roles. In some cases, the butch feels she must be the sole support of the household, must always take the aggressive role sexually and always dress as masculinely as possible. In other situations, the outward appearance is the same, but the butch

is something of a gigolo being supported by the femme. Then, too, the separation between the two can be less extreme, with both members contributing financial support, sharing the housework, etc.

If a homosexual woman reads most so-called sociological studies of lesbians, patronizes the bars or has been in the armed forces, she may see this butch-femme custom very strongly marked. The individual may get the feeling that she must take one role or the other. If taking one role comes easily, then well and good. But is this as necessary and prevalent as one would be led to think?

Definitely not, was the conclusion at ONE's Midwinter Institute. In part of the discussion, it was observed that many women feel neither butch nor femme. They feel one way toward one individual, another way toward some one else. Or they may have mixed feelings toward one person.

Should women like these force themselves into one role, thus warping or suppressing some of their individualistic qualities? Certainly not. If it's easier to take a butch or femme role—not for purposes of belonging in a group, but because it coincides with the person's inner feelings, then the woman should do so. However, if role-taking appears artificial and is a decided strain, it should be avoided. In other words, the answer is just "doing what comes naturally."



I remember, but then, I am not likely to forget, that it was a warm, late afternoon. I do not live far from the place where I work, and as I say it was a warm really pleasant sort of spring afternoon and so I walked. At the bakery the block before, I almost bought some eclairs that were sitting in the window. I decided against it though. I have always taken a great deal of pride in my ability to withstand whim. Impulse, I have always understood, is the guide of the uncivilized, of the hopelessly disorganized. My friends know this about me and speak about it often. *Jean*, they say, *Jean leads such an organized life! She really does! It's perfectly marvelous!*

Yes, that is what they say, and sometimes in front of me and it pleases me deeply that people recognize my sense of indestructible order.

It was the same thing when I hesitated that day a moment in front of the flowers. The silly little daffodils had a rather haggard and pathetic kind of charm sitting there in the green paper in the little buckets in front of the florist's shop. For a moment longer than I had taken to decide about the eclairs even, I actually considered purchasing them. But then I caught up with myself. I remember I laughed aloud and challenged spring. Spring has always been my enemy. The rot that permeates our culture about *rebirth* and all that—it does rather get into the system despite one. But I have always overcome it. I overcame it that afternoon also.

I did not buy the flowers.

I simply called to mind what I had originally put down on my budget for the week and there was no seventy-five cents for a bunch of lowly, silly flowers. And so, I walked on.

It was at the corner as I was putting my foot down on the curb that my eyes met hers. It was a ludicrous moment. She was quite blonde and the haircut really belonged more in *La Strada* than there where it was. The bangs were uneven above the eyes—and the eyes were very blue—and—and she had a rather extraordinary pair of cool lips . . .

And well—she was wearing a pair of those very tight khaki frontier pants that *they* all seem to have grown so fond of. And a rather rough looking grey turtleneck sweater. And, of course, sneakers—and not a sock in sight. It's a sort of way of dress from the campuses, I suppose, which provides something for *them*. As a matter of fact, she had terribly slim ankles and her thighs seemed very round and full in the pants . . .

Well—I don't think she could have been more than twenty, but one of the brazen ones. I know that particular type because there are so many in this neighborhood. They love this neighborhood. I live here because it is so convenient to my work. I also know the type because they always seem to stare at me. I have never understood it . . .

Well—I don't really know why I turned around to look back at her after I had passed her, except of course because of that really outlandish outfit, well, one would stare. And, as a matter of fact, and I trust you will understand how sometimes the *bizarre* can be charming—well, she was a very lovely girl . . .

In any case, when I turned to look around at her the second time—she was following me with her eyes! And—smiling! They have no shame! Right there in the public street—she smiled at *me*! In broad daylight!

I was very angry!

Now I have seen her again this evening. In that dreadful little restaurant where so many of them go. I go there because I like the food. She—she had on something pink and soft and dark Italian pumps. I could see that the one with her, the slender dark and pretty one in a yellow dress could make her laugh at anything.

Once . . . before I had finished the scallopine . . . her laughter rose up beyond any other sound in the room and swept into the wine on my table and made it tingle and sing against the lonely glass . . . I picked it up then . . . the wine that held her laughter . . . and poured it down my throat and tried to remember—the *precise* value of—

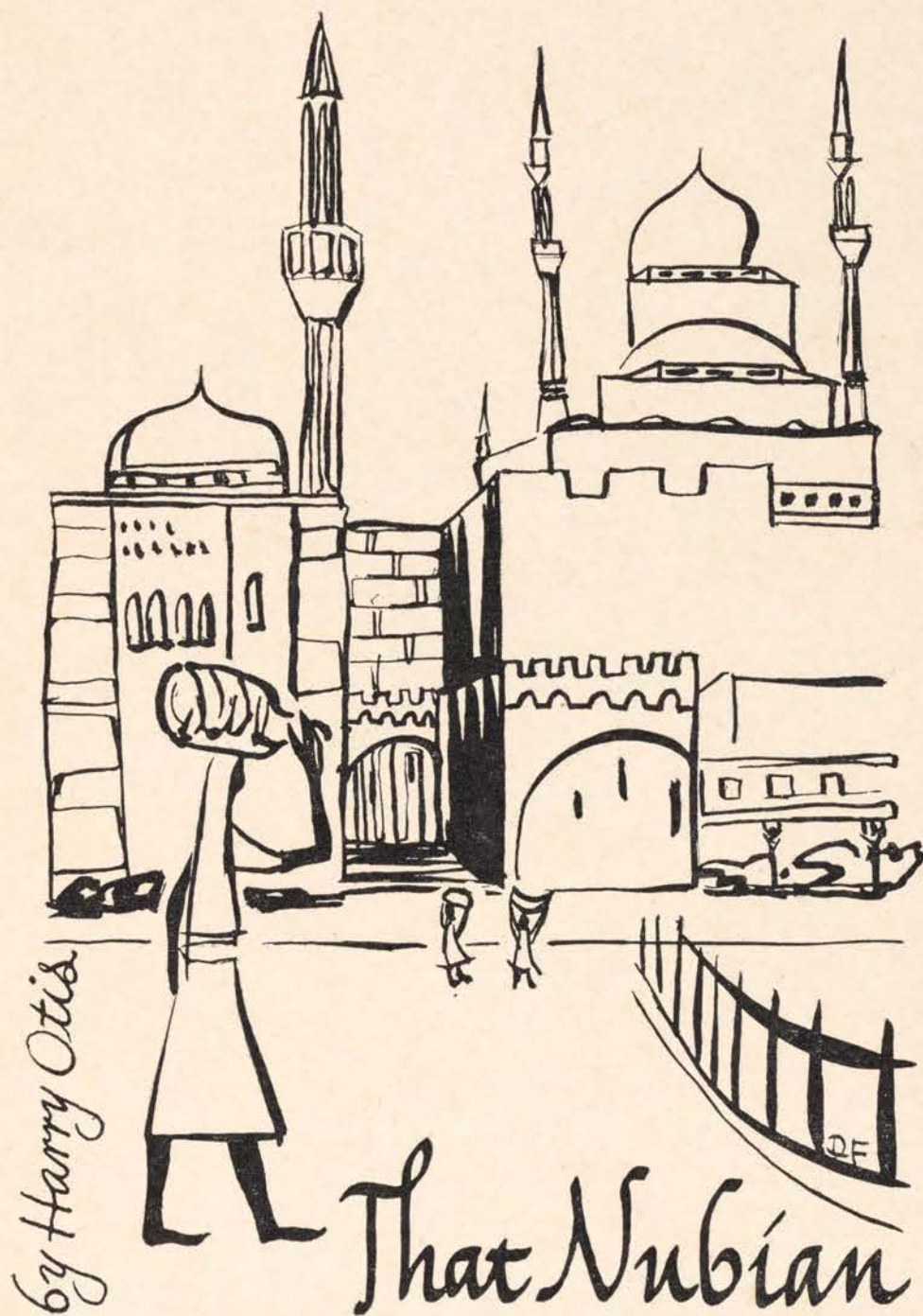
—seventy-five cents . . .

About Our Authors

DEL, the initials of Doyle Eugene Livingston, was born in Pennsylvania in 1933. Presently living in California, he is working with the dramatic verse form.

INTERNATIONAL

News from other countries; translations and selections from homophile magazines abroad.



Greta and Earl wondered about him. His ebony eyes shaded by long lashes and his thick straight black hair were unmistakably Arab, his deep chested muscular body negro. His skin was a bronze velvet yet his nose was Grecian. Like the Nubian men they'd seen on the streets he wore a silver ring in one ear. Unlike them his cheeks were unscarred with the usual three parallel gashes.

"There's something about him that sends me. I can't explain it," Greta said with a sigh.

Earl smiled. It was her stock comment on every man who intrigued her at the moment. The last two, a sexy Syrian in Damascus and a young, married Lebanese in Beirut had been easy pushovers but this one should be the opposite if the stern, unyielding look on his face meant anything. Earl hoped it did. Here in Cairo with the acute shortage of attractive blonds, Greta thwarted would be a novelty. The only times they had seen this new interest was when he passed their table on the sidewalk in front of their hotel. He had looked at them and at no one else. It was too much for Greta, she wanted action.

"Why don't you follow him and see if you can't break the ice," she suggested.

Earl did. His opportunity came in front of the opera house. The man stopped to examine posters, their printing in French and Arabic. Earl pointed to them, "I beg your pardon. Do you speak English?" he asked.

"I try to" was the answer with a friendly smile. "You and the lady are Americans?"

"New Yorkers. She's my sister. I'm Earl Ward," he extended his hand. "How about having a drink with us?"

"I should like to but I have an appointment. Would this evening be convenient?"

Earl assured him that it would. The man said his name was Naym, he had no other and he added with a smile that he thought the lady was Earl's sister, they looked enough alike to be twins.

This evening meant after nine when Cairo's stores close and its sidewalk cafes, like fly paper, catch an assortment of human beings of variegated shapes and colors.

Naym in a conservatively tailored brown suit joined Greta and Earl at their table. Greta expecting him to kiss her hand raised the back of it to him. Instead he pressed his forehead against it. "At last we meet," he said, then looking at her hair, "Here in Egypt we say when Arn E, the eye of heaven, has smiled on you, you are most fortunate."

Greta twisted. She found Naym "just too charming for words." She'd never met anyone like him. His classic features reminded her of one of the Pharaohs whose bust she had seen in the museum. He must be a direct descendent. "Don't tell me you're not," she said coyly.

Naym grinned. "Hardly. I'm Nubian, what is known as an unadulterated one, Arab and Bedouin blood, no negro."

Earl saw Greta's mouth sag. He wanted to laugh. He summoned the waiter and ordered Pernods for himself and Greta and a Dikkai-date wine—for Naym. Suddenly a slice of bread sailed past Naym's ear. He turned to see who had thrown it and saw a fleshy Egyptian couple at a nearby table in a heated argument. He listened for a few minutes then said with a shrug, "He's cursing her for having an affair with his best friend. If she were one of my people he'd carry her to the Nile at night and cut off one of her breasts then throw her to elmi, the crocodiles. An errant husband fares a little better. His wife waits until he sleeps then she takes a knife and slices off what caused his desires."

Greta gulped. She smiled sickly and uttered a weak, "How interesting." She asked the waiter to bring her a double Haig and Haig. After Naym bade them 'au revoir' she sank exhausted in her chair. "I've never seen anything like that one", she groaned. "He's a good looker and every part of him exudes sex but he's about as romantic as a bull."

More Pernods and Dikkais at their next meetings. Greta's gold lame gown barely covered the lower half of her cantaloupe-size breasts. Naym looked at her admiringly. "You remind me of a flower that grows near my home," he said. "We call it kondal, the daughter of the sun. It is exquisite but too delicate. It dies if human hands touch it."

"I'd die if they didn't," Greta said archly, then in a confiding tone, "Tell me Naym, have you ever known an American woman, intimately I mean?"

Silence then. "I don't know how to answer that. Intimate has several meanings. One can be intimate with thieves," he shrugged then turned to Earl, "I'm leaving tomorrow night for Luxor. I shall be there two days. Will you be here when I return?"

"Luxor! What an amazing coincidence!" Greta gushed. "Why that's where we're going tomorrow night."

Earl had to change their reservations so they could and remembering the look in Naym's eyes when he asked "will you be here" he blessed Greta for lying.

Luxor, more a river bank village than a city. After noisy, sprawling Cairo its serenity a welcome change; its lush green park along the Nile an oasis in the restless carpets of sands spreading their destruction to the distant hills; sands that had reduced magnificent Thebes to a jumble of broken pillars and walls.

Earl and Greta had a superb view of the Karnak ruins from their hotel windows but Greta lay on the bed staring at the ceiling. She hadn't slept on the train nor had she been able to cream her skin, a major calamity. To Earl's suggestion they inspect the ruins she protested that she desperately needed to rest, "If I'm to look decent when that Nubian comes tonight."

Earl walked down to the river. He saw a good looking youth stretched out in a dhow. Except for a ragged, dirty pair of white knee length shorts he was naked. His cafe au lait skin glowed warmly in the brilliant morning sun. He grinned at Earl and motioned for him to get into the boat. Earl did and without hesitation.

Along the Nile's bank fields were being plowed with bent sticks drawn by lazy, arrogant bullocks that were guided by equally lazy fellaheen. A lone camel hitched to a water wheel tramped a perpetual circle. Nearby squatted an old Egyptian with a long stick to prod the animal if it stopped. And there were barefoot Mohammedan women swathed in blue cotton going to and from the river with large earthen pots on their heads.

His eyes never leaving Earl's face, the youth alternately sang and whistled. Earl forgot time. When he finally looked at his watch it was noon. He motioned to the youth to turn around but he didn't. Instead he dropped his oar and dove into the water. After a short swim he climbed into the dhow then stripped off his shorts and beat them against the boat. Earl wagged his finger reproachfully and held out his hand. The youth, puzzled, handed them to him then laughed as he watched Earl wring out the water. He gestured for Earl to strip. Earl shook his head. Going back he found it difficult to watch the scenery instead of the slender brown body that tensed and relaxed in the graceful action of rowing. It was not until they came in sight of the hotel that the youth pulled on his wet shorts. Earl handed him two one dollar bills. Wide eyed he stared at the money then seized Earl's hand and squeezed it. He followed him to the door of the hotel but Earl pretended not to see him.

Greta in a diaphanous blue chiffon opened the conversation at dinner by asking Naym if he had ever been married.

"Socially or romantically?" he countered.

"Why romantically, of course."

He looked at her thru half closed eyes and said, "That's like asking one if he ever succumbed to the magic of moonlight." A silence then in a low voice, "It's beautiful on the river tonight. Have you seen it?"

"Moonlight on the Nile," Greta rolled her eyes ceilingward and sighed. "I can't imagine anything lovelier."

"You don't have to. I'll get a dhow," Nayam said, rising. "But you better change your gown. Those boats carry everything from fish to pigs."

Earl laughed. After they left he walked thru the park in hopes of finding a young Egyptian to guide him thru the ruins. In the warm silvered darkness the towering columns should be thrilling but the only men were elderly. Finally he returned to the hotel and sat in the lobby. Soon after, to his amazement he saw Greta and Naym come in. As they approached he saw disgust on Greta's face and heard it in her voice, "It was wonderful, simply marvelous," then between her teeth, "you ought to try it sometime."

"Why not tomorrow night?" Naym suggested, a sly smile parting his lips.

After he left, Greta exploded. "What a ghastly ordeal that was. If ever there was a human ice box he's one. No sooner were we out on that river in that stink'n boat than he started telling me yarns about those dumb Nubians. When a guy marries a girl he has to give her old man six camels, instead of her dad giving them a house or something worth while he returns three. Another tale was about an old Egyptian queen wearing a beard and men's clothes. Her name was Hatshepsut. She even kept a harem of girls. Naym said we could see her tomb in the Valley of the Kings. I was bored stiff. The only way I could get him off the subject was to ask him what he really thought about women. I'll be damned if the fool didn't recite a poem. It was so senseless I had him repeat it so I could memorize it. It goes,

"A woman's intent is gall to eat,
Coated with honey from outside;
So he who tastes it thinks it sweet
Till he finds out what it doth hide."

Greta suffered a violent headache and cramps the following evening and had her dinner sent to her room.

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BOOKS

Notices and reviews of books, articles, plays and poetry dealing with homosexuality and the sex variant. Readers are invited to send in reviews or printed matter for review.



THE TRANSGRESSOR

By Julien Green

Translated by Anne Green.
Pantheon Press, New York.
1957. \$3.50. 222 pp.

This is a novel of sheer agony and desperation. A psychological novel that probes deeply into the hearts of two people who are taken into the home of the Vasseurs. Each of the inhabitants in the Vasseur household in France are about as weird and complex as nature could make any human and into this nest of frustration is dumped an orphan girl. Hedwige, who is tortured by her inability to meet and fall in love with a man. The man who does excite her and makes her mooney-eyed immediately, is one of the lower specimens of homosexuals, Gaston Dolange.

The other poor creature is a man, a cousin of the Vasseurs, a homosexual named Jean. His love affairs include a baker's son and probably Gaston. He manages to keep his life a secret until he is almost arrested by the police who keep watch on the Vasseur home for him. Frightened, he takes refuge in Naples.

Hedwige's passion and heart-beats rise higher and higher with her dream-image of the illusive Gaston, yet her sorrowing spirits sink lower and lower toward the bitter end.

No doubt prize-winning author Julien Green has written better books.

But this book is excellent, considering its vague ending, for readers who wish to know what sluggish things crawl through warped, human minds. Although the world considers the homosexual 'the transgressor,' can't he view his own future with more uplifting hope and courage than resorting to suicide? Though everyone may be against him, where there's life, there is always hope.

—ARNELL LARSEN

MUFFS AND MORALS

by Pearl Binder

Morrow, 4.00

William Morrow and Co. has had the good taste to import a limited number of Miss Binder's history of clothing and its influence on morals, and the changes brought about by the changing mores of the times. Miss Binder has provided some amusing illustrations.

Miss Binder does not pretend to be thorough in the small space provided but she effectively touches upon the changes down the centuries, of man's slowly giving up his finery to women (are the men taking back the stronger colors, wearing the brighter feathers once again?) while she touches everything from gauntlets to girdles, cod-pieces to corsets.

MFB

REST SHALL I NEVER,

Bleeding for rest;
Hunted forever;
Pitied, a pest—
Haunted by feelings
And strange desires,
That provoke dealings
In tempting fires.
Passions prevail the
Hours of light;
Rest won't avail me
Peace in the night,
Tortured forever,
Love's lonely guest:
Rest shall I never,
Never to rest.

Heart-ache and error
Follows my days,
Thoughts of cold terror
With me always:
My imposition
And time's demands
Takes my condition
Out of my hands—
What is my gender,
What is my sex?
Love is not tender;
Life is complex.
Terrible longing
Crushes my heart,
All my thoughts thronging
Tear me apart:
What am I good for,
What is my test?
Rest will I no more,
Nevermore rest.

Great is my longing,
Far is my search:
What am I wronging?
Whom shall I smirch
By my desiring

Sweetness of love?
Love is inspiring
All things above.

Names without reason,
Hollow and crude;
Life is a season
Flaming and lewd—
All the green hours
And yellow days
Quiver like flowers
Seeking always
Lovely things after,
Cherished and blest—
Anguish in laughter,
Languish in rest.

So quick the days,
So long the nights;
So queer the ways
Of my delights:
So wild the wave,
So high the crest;
So near the grave,
So far off rest.

Rest will I ever,
Ever to rest?
Still as the clever
Poets of zest,
Taking life's pastime
Quietly in—
Love for no last time;
Joy no first sin?
No longer haunted
By my sweet vice—
Cared for and wanted,
Cozy and nice;
Happy forever,
Feeling my best
Always? But never,
Oh, shall I rest.

DEL



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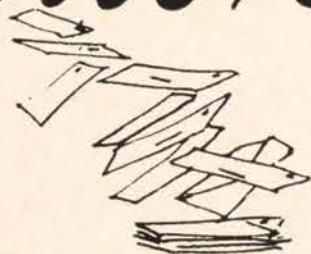
Scholarly investigations of the homosexual and homosexuality—papers exploring the byways of history, philosophy & literature—critical evaluations of the work of “sex scientists”—essays on religious and legal aspects of homosexuality.

This new publication will present the researches of ONE INSTITUTE and of other scholars working in the field of homophile studies. Designed for the serious student, its appeal will be scholarly, not “popular.”

\$3.50 per year.....Single issues, \$1

one

Letters



Gentlemen:

Noticed in the newspaper the other day that you had won your case for the right to send your magazine through the mails. I was very glad to see this, for I believe that you are winning a fight not only for yourselves, but for many others who are hampered by unjust censorship. Maybe someday our wonderful American democracy will really catch up with us!

On of the few sincere attempts to deal with the subject of homosexuality without prejudice, for or against. There is nothing that would lead one into such a life if the inclination were not already there.

Mr. W.
East Bank, West Virginia

Dear Editor:

I know your magazine is not a lonely hearts magazine, but it seems my only hope. I am very unhappy. I'm desperate to write to a lady who will write to me. I am 26 and I don't like men.

Miss S.
Sidney, Australia

Dear Mr. E.

I read your letter in ONE. The Society we are in is a most lonely one. A homosexual has a most difficult time, as you, I and others know and have experienced. Loneliness is found in all walks of life. I'm in my early twenties and often find life depressing and lonely. I understand how hard it is to accept this, but who knows what will happen in the future? There is always a future. I do hope this note will be of some small comfort. You aren't alone when it comes to feeling loneliness. There are hundreds of us in the same predicament. Keeping busy is a help.

Mr. B.
Hartford, Conn.

Editor's Note:

The preceding letters are typical of a great many received. Please do not waste our time and yours by asking us to forward letters to

anyone. IT CANNOT BE DONE under present laws. Perhaps when a few more court cases shall have been won, defining the rights of homosexuals, this unnatural prohibition can be lifted. Mr. E's letter in our January issue received a large number of replies from sympathetic individuals genuinely wanting to be of help, including one gift of a subscription to him. Unfortunately, we find we no longer have Mr. E's address. If he will write us the subscription can be credited to him. Until then, for him we will thank the generous donor.

Dear Sir:

Before I received ONE I was at the cross-road, not knowing which way to turn. I had planned on seeing a psychiatrist, but I am working my problem out. Once or twice I meet with either a fine doctor or a minister and they understand and appreciate ONE.

Mr. L.
Hot Springs, Ark.

Dear ONE:

The most wonderful news I've heard in a long time that ONE won its case. It must make all you people feel as though your work is not in vain. It will take a long, long time, but I hope that just as in this case, one by one, your aims will be accomplished.

Mr. B.
Milwaukee, Wis.

Saludos:

Met several gauchos and jockeys. None of them were at all attractive according to our standards. One knew Peron quite well and to substantiate his statement showed me autographed pictures. He said Peron had a weakness for gauchos and one in particular to whom he gave a big herd of cattle and was building a house for him when Eva learned about it. Soon after the gaucho was found stabbed to death.

Buenos Aires is a fabulously beautiful city—6 million all told. But its economy is on the rocks. A friend has a '55 Chevrolet that's all beat up. He's been offered \$11,000 for it. A grand steak dinner is \$1.25.

Mr. D.
Buenos Aires, Argentina

Dear friends:

Your magazine has taken admirable strides and you must suffer from complainers, so I'll be sparing with the trivial, such as, I wish it were a male magazine exclusively; let the lesbians operate their own magazine, and yet ONE owes so much to its female members on the staff, and to some excellent fiction by women.

I have sifted the grain from the chaff, clipping and filing the stories of merit or

promising talent. The anonymous essay, 'I Pass,' I have pasted up where I might read it frequently; truly the homosexual needs to stand up and present his cause with flaming sincerity; we need exponents. Stories which I enjoyed: Harry Otis, "The Gurkhs," "Keola, The Firewalker," good-paced story telling, romantic-traditions, "Bangkok Interlude," lusty, risqué, but good taste; Yves Cerny, "The Old Cavalryman," a gem! M. K. H. "Coming Out Party," timely, well-illustrated by the artist, professionally written; "The Laughter of Antinous," by Candace Orcutt—sheer poetry! Invested with an aura of enchantment found in fairy tales, moving implacably but relentlessly to a realistic end; "The Little Guy," by Jeff Winters, packed a brutal wallop; "Aunt Anna and Uncle Joe," by Clarkson Crane, things happen which make you gasp with disbelief—it seems too good to be true when your relatives accept your predilections without batting an eye; "Roger," by Geoffrey Wright, a lovely tale designed to inspire the timid to summon the courage to take the dreamed-for love when it challenges you; "An Evening's Discourse," Barrett Shannon Cooper. Think of the impact that story would have acted on a stage, as a skit on a TV program! Daring, provocative, timely in its challenge.

Extremely worthwhile documentaries such as, "You and the Law," should be carried in the Ladies Home Journal, Atlantic Monthly, or Harpers, maybe in the Catholic World and Lutheran Herald. "Observations on Sexual Ethics," by R. H. Crowther, most informative.

Mr. N.
Chinnoek, Montana

Gentlemen:

'I is Natural After All,' by Mr. Wicks is the greatest yet. I always enjoy the Letters. It is good to know there are others with the same ideas and interests as your own. I know how Mr. E., of Indiana feels. Living in a small town as I do one cannot express his views freely and therefore it is very difficult to find genuine friends.

Mr. D.
Grand Ridge, Ill.

Dear ONE:

Wicks has the audacity, (Is Is Natural After All), the effrontery, to stand on his soapbox and, in italics yet, shout that homosexuality is genetic, without producing one shred of **real** evidence. What sort of service is ONE doing its readers by presenting this type of material? I personally don't believe inversion to be any more **all** genetic than I do **all** environmental; and I find it rather insulting to be told that, 'With the knowledge comes a God-given confidence, a whole new lease on living.' This infers that I have not really accepted myself or my friends, that I lack con-

fidence only because I'm gay, that my lease on living is worn out. ONE has raised its price; now let it raise its standards.

Mr. M.
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Mr. Slater:

Thanks for the book, GAY BAR, which I found not only interesting myself, but which is proving a great discussion provoker with my friends, both homosexual and 'square.' A down-to-earth discussion from the inside is so rare, that a book of this sort certainly proves a winner. I shall be writing Mrs. Branson myself to tell her just what sort of an impression her book has made on this side of the Pacific.

Mr. P.
Hunter's Hill, Australia

Gentlemen:

I find in your excellent journal a deafening silence concerning the serious difficulties endured by those, like myself, who are attracted to teen-agers. What makes it all the more burdensome is the fact that not alone does such an individual have to suffer the opprobrium of 'normal people,' but in addition he is held up to scorn by the very people from whom he might reasonably expect patience and understanding, i.e. his fellow-homosexuals whose tastes are for the more mature. Truly, Samuel Butler spoke sound sense when we wrote the famous words, 'we compound for sins we are inclined to by damning those we have no mind to.'

Mr. A.
New York, N. Y.

Dear Robert Gregory:

I have failed to renew my subscription because I have been unable to find work. I refuse to lie or make attempts to be a he-man, just to hold a job. I do not mean by this that I am one of those people that go out of their way to wiggle their hips, but I have a soft, cultured voice and a certain effeminate sensitivity that seem to tell people I am 'gay.' I have no intention of submerging my individuality for a lot of weak-kneed conformists who if they were honest with themselves would admit they admire me for having the courage to be a non-conformist, but it is easier for them to join the mob and agree with general condemnations than to stick their necks out.

I cannot speak for others but I can honestly say I am not ashamed of the fact that I am a homosexual. The homosexual contributes so much of beauty and of mind to our world that I am not ashamed of being one. I love you all at ONE for the brave bright light you are giving a darkened world.

Mr. C.
Newburyport, Mass.

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